That is a theefe, a gamſter, and what not,
Let him be hang'd vp for example ſake.

Prieſt. Not ſo my gracious Soueraigne, I confeſſe I am a fraile man, fleſh and blood as other are; but ſet my imperfections aſide, ye haue not a taller man, nor a truer ſubiect to the Crowne and State, than ſir Iohn of Wrotham is.

Kin. Will a true ſubiect rob his king?

Pri. Alas 'twas ignorance and want my gracious Liege.

Kin, 'Twas want of grace. Why, you ſhould be as ſalt
To ſeaſon others with good document,
Your liues as lampes to giue the people light,
As ſhepheards, not as Wolues to ſpoile the flocke,
Go hang him Butler.

But. Didſt thou not rob me?

Pri. I muſt confeſſe I ſaw ſome of your Golde, but my dread Lord I am in no humour for death: God wil that ſinners liue, do not you cauſe me to dye, once in theyr liues the beſt may go aſtray, and if the world ſay true, your ſelfe (my Liege) haue bin a Theefe.

Kin. I confeſſe I haue,
But I repent and haue reclaim'd my ſelfe.

Pri. So will I do if you will giue me time.

kin. Wilt thou? My Lords, will you be his ſureties?

Hun. That when he robs againe, he ſhall be hang'd.

Pri. I aske no more.

kin, And we will grant thee that,
Liue and repent, and proue an honeſt man,
Which when I heare, and ſafe returne from France,
Ile giue thee liuing. Till when, take thy Gold,
But ſpend it better then at cards or wine,
For better vertues fit that coate of thine.

Pri. Viuat Rex, & currat lex. My Liege, if ye haue cauſe of battell, ye ſhall ſee ſir Iohn beſtir himſelfe in your quarrell.

An alarum, enter King, Suffolke, Huntington, ſir Iohn bringing forth Acton, Beuerly, and Murly priſoners.

King.

king. Bring in thoſe Traitors, whoſe aſpiring mind
Thought to haue triumpht in our ouerthrow:
But now ye ſee, baſe villaines, what ſucceſſe
Attends ill actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir Roger Acton, thou retainſt the name
Of Knight, and ſhouldſt be more diſcreetly temper'd
Than ioyne with pezants, Gentry is diuine,
But thou haſt made it more then popular.

Act. Pardon my Lord, my conſcience vrg'd me to

kin. Thy conſcience? then conſcience is corrupt,
For in thy conſcience thou art bound to vs,
And in thy conſcience thou ſhouldſt loue thy count
Elſe what's the difference twixt a Chriſtian,
And the vnciuill manners of the Turke?

Beu. We meant no hurt vnto your Maieſty.
But reformation of Religion.

king. Reforme Religion? was it that you ſought?
I pray who gaue you that authority?
Belike then we do hold the Scepter vp,
And ſit within the Throne but for a Cipher.
Time was, good ſubiects would make knowne the
And pray amendment, not enforce the ſame,
Vnleſſe their King were tyrant, which I hope
You cannot iuſtly ſay that Harry is,
What is that other?

Suf. A Malt-man my Lord,
And dwelling in Dunſtable as he ſayes.

kin. Sirra, what made you leaue your barly bro
To come in armour thus againſt your King?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out vp
ſion, what a world is this? Knight-hood (my Lie
knight-hood brought me hither, they told me I ha
enough to make my wife a Lady.

kin. And ſo you brought thoſe horſes which we
Trapt all in coſtly furniture, and meant
To weare theſe ſpurree when you were knighted